

160
1609

MERRYLAND
DISPLAYED:
OR,
PLAGIARISM, IGNORANCE,
AND
IMPUDENCE, DETECTED.

BEING
OBSERVATIONS upon a Pamphlet
INTITLED
A NEW Description of MERRYLAND.

A Bridle for the *ASS*, and a Rod for the *FOOL's-Back*.
PROV. xxvi. 3.

THE SECOND EDITION.

BATH:
Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold by J. LEAKE;
and the Booksellers of London and Westminster.
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Renier

6/1996/9



TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
NEW *Description of MERRYLAND.*

SIR,

THESSE Sheets can be Addressed to no Person, so proper as You, who was the Occasion of writing them; and whatever Imperfections may be discovered in them, You must in great Measure be answerable for.

My *Title Page* will already have informed You, that You are not here to expect the usual Compliments, and Panegyrical Rapsodies generally found in Dedicatory Epistles — No, Sir, I scorn to make Use of Flattery on any Occasion, and have the strongest Reason in the World to avoid it, when I address my self to *You*.

My Intention is to be Sincere, and to shew You for once, a Dedication which even *You*, Sir, cannot accuse of the least Adulation, Insincerity, or any mercenary View.

I AM sorry, I cannot compliment You, on your great Learning, brilliant Wit, and admirable Judgment, tho' others have most liberally extolled You, I own sincerely I cannot so far comply with the Fashion, as to join in the common Cry; for what-

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whatever Deference I may pay to some of your Admirers, I am bound to pay a greater Respect to my own Understanding.

I PROFESSION my self one of those who cannot entertain the least favourable Notion of your learned Abilities, nor express the smallest Approbation of your late celebrated Performance; and, I flatter my self these Sheets will give several People as mean an Opinion of Both, as I have; it will dissipate the Cloud from before the Eyes of many of your Readers, and let them see how much they have been mistaken.

As my Intention was purely to detect You, and instruct your ignorant Admirers, I have wrote freely, without any Concern, what You, or any snarling Critic may think of my Stile, or Method; you will find here no Attempts

tempts to appear learned or witty, no high Flights, or embellishing Flourishes, but a plain Stile adapted to the meanest Capacity, even such as one of your Capacity may be capable of comprehending.

HAVING told You the Reason of my writing, it will perhaps be demanded, why I delayed it so long: To which I answer, that great Part of *This*, was wrote in *November* last, soon after I saw your Libel, but Quotidian Avocations, the Hurry of the Seafon coming on, and want of Health, prevented my finishing it at that Time, and out of mere Laziness and Inappetency, I threw it by as unripe Fruit, and suffered it to Be, as if it had never been; thus it lay for some Time, but having more Leisure since, I at last resolved to finish it.

I KNOW

I know not what may be the Fate or Success of this Performance, nor am I very follicitous about it, being conscious the Design is honest, the Subject necessary, and the Execution the best my Time, my Abilities and my Health would permit, which cannot bear the Labour of much filing and polishing.

If it makes You sensible of your Folly, and induces You to turn those few Particles of Reason with which Providence has endowed You, to better Uses, if it corrects the vicious Taste of even a few of your Readers, I shall not grudge my Labour: But, as for making a thorough Reformation, in the depraved Goût of the Generality of People in this lapsed State, I never entertained the most remote Vanity, to think any Endeavour of mine, could

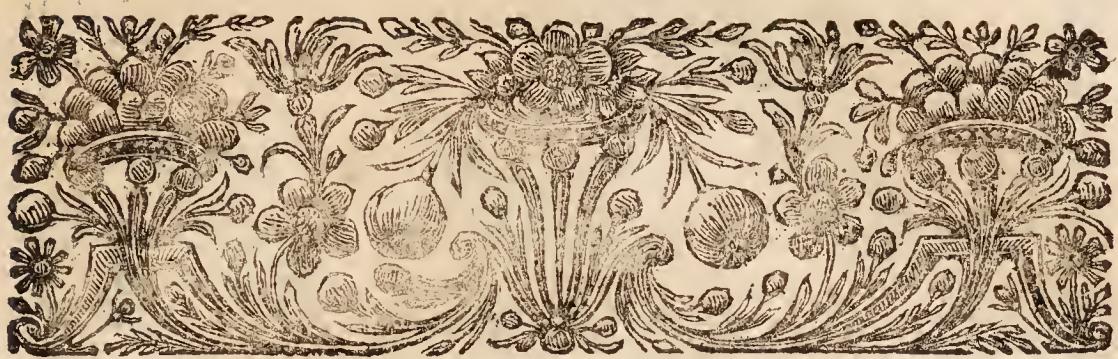
viii DEDICATION.

could make so material a Change in the Nation, especially when the Devil, the World, and the Flesh, are on the other Side of the Question.

I am, &c.

BATH, 20 Oct. 1741.





THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.

 *H*E following Sheets were lately sent me from an unknown Hand to be published, and I take this Opportunity of returning my Thanks to the Person (whoever he be) that was pleased to do me this Favour; at the same
a Time

Time I think it incumbent on me to acknowledge my Obligations to the other Gentleman, against whom these Sheets are wrote.

THAT Gentleman was pleased to give me the first Offer of publishing The New Description of MERRYLAND, which for particular Reasons I declined to accept, and had the Pleasure to find the Excuse I made, for not publishing it, was honoured with his Approbation; as I was indebted to him for his kind Offer, I thought I could not in Honour publish any Thing afterwards that seemed to reflect on Him, or his Writings, without first obtaining his Consent, for which Reason, as soon as I had read over the following Sheets, I troubled him with this Letter.

SIR,

BATH, 16 Sept. 1741.

SIR,

AS you were so kind last Winter to offer me your New Description of MERRYLAND, I look on myself under the same Obligations as if I had actually accepted the Favour, and reaped the Profits of that Work; and out of Gratitude take this Opportunity of informing you, A Criticism on that Pamphlet was sent to me Yesterday from an unknown Hand, in order for Publication: As it would ill become me to meddle with it, without your Leave, so on the other Hand, my neglecting to print it might probably disoblige the Gentleman who sent it, and could do you no Service, for it would soon be published by some or other of my Brethren.

PLEASE to favour me with your Orders how to behave in this Matter, for my Conduct shall be intirely governed by such Commands as you please to bestow on,

SIR,

Your much Obliged,

And most Obedient

Humble Servant, &c.

TO this Letter I was favoured, by Return of the Post, with the following Answer.

SIR,

21 Sept. 1741.

S I R,

I Thank you for your Information about the Criticism on Merryland; if it comes from the learned Gentleman I have Reason to guess at, I shall think myself much honoured, and the Public will be well entertained by it; but who-ever is the Author, if you believe it worth your while, print it. I would not suppress it were it in my Power, for I never pretended to a faultless Work; and if this Criticism has any Ingenuity in it, it may be instructive to Me and Others; if it is nothing but mere Cavil, I shall despise it; and if it deserves any Reply, I shall probably give you the Opportunity of publishing One.

I am,

Yours, &c.

HAVING thus obtained Leave, from the Gentleman principally concerned, I have nothing more to do but submit the Work to the Public, by whose Judgment its Merit is to be Tried, and on whose Reception of it, its good or ill-Success must depend.

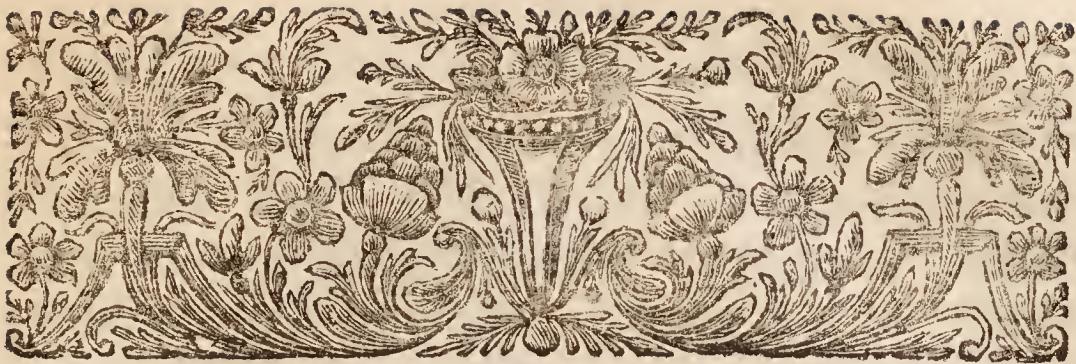




MERRYLAND

DISPLAYED, &c.





MERRYLAND

DISPLAYED, &c.

I F the common Observation be just, that a Judgment may be formed of the Learning, Wit, or Humour, of any Age or Country, by such Books as meet with the best Reception, and are most generally read and commended, surely the Taste of our present Readers must appear most ridiculous and despicable. Instances may indeed be given of former Times, in which Books of the greatest Merit were for a long Time wholly disregarded, and afterwards met with the Encouragement they deserved, being raised from their former Obscurity by some choice Spirits, to be universally read and admired: But if our Ancestors, in the darkest Days of their Ignorance, or the Generality in later Times, had so little Taste as not to discern

cern the Beauties of some valuable Works, I can recollect no Instance of their being so foolish as to extol with strained Encomiums, Works of the greatest Stupidity and Dulness; and join as it were with one Consent, in praising and recommending such Writings, as even the impudent Authors themselves would be ashamed to own.

How it happens that the present Age has run into this Folly, or rather Madness, I shall not pretend to say; but that it has so happened, in the most extravagant Degree, is too manifest to be denied, and most notoriously so with respect to a late Pamphlet.

To explode a vicious Taste, and shew the World their Error, is the Design of these Sheets, wherein I shall examine the so much applauded Piece, and do not doubt but every one, who will take the Trouble to read *This*, will be ashamed he ever commended *That*.

THE Pamphlet I mean to animadverton is intituled, A NEW DESCRIPTION OF MERRYLAND, published in *October* last: It has (to my great Astonishment) been generally cried up, among all Sorts of People, as a Master-piece of Wit and Humour; it has by many been reputed the Work of one of the most celebrated Wits of our Age; and so great has been the Demand for it, that in about

about three Months it went thro' Seven Editions, besides some Thousands of pirated Copies that were sold in Town and Country. The same may be said of it, as Mr Pope says of the *Beggars Opera*, viz. " It was a Piece " of Satire which hit all Tastes and Degrees " of Men, from those of the highest Qua- " lity to the very Rabble — That Verse " of *Horace*,

Primores populi arripuit, populumq; tributim,

" could never be so justly applied as to *this* : " The vast Success of it was unprecedented " and almost incredible :" So that it has exceeded every Thing lately published, in point of Sale, as much as in want of Merit. And besides this, it has occasioned the re-publishing and selling several other Pamphlets of the same Stamp, which had long been neglected and forgot : For the Booksellers perceiving the Taste of the Age, by the great Demand for this Pamphlet, saw it was a proper Season to reprint all the smutty Stuff they could think of, to humour the prevailing *Gout* of the Town, and scratch the callous Appetites of their debauched Readers.

IT is astonishing to me when I consider the extravagant Encomiums that have been so generally made on this Performance ; I have heard the Author extolled to the Skies for his

Learning, great Reading, Wit, and Humour; his Learning and great Reading (say our wise Judges) appear in every Chapter; it is plain he must be well read (say they) in Anatomy, Natural History, Travels, Geography, History, Navigation, and what not? His Classic Learning and Taste for Poetry likewise appear by his Quotations from various Authors, and his proper Application of them is a Proof of his good Judgment. Besides, say they, that he has an infinite Fund of Wit and Humour is evident in every Paragraph. I could never have believed it possible for any Body to talk at this idle Rate, if I had not frequently heard it my self, and that not only from People of the lowest Rank, but from Persons of some Character and Reputation among Men of Letters: And yet, with all due Deferen^ce to these rash Panegyrists, I am not ashamed to differ from them in Opinion, but after all they have said, I will boldly venture to affirm, that this Pamphlet, which they have so much celebrated, is so far from having the least Merit, that it is absolutely void of all Learning, Wit, or Humour, is nothing better than a poor, low, stupid Piece of Obscenity, and that the most barefaced Plagiarism, gross Ribaldry and Nonsense, are the Ingredients which make up the nauseous Composition. This is what I undertake to demonstrate in the following Sheets, in spite of all the great Opinions given to the contrary.

I SHOULD

I SHOULD not have meddled with this Author or his Works, if the ridiculous Praises bestowed on him by his Readers, and the insolent Liberties he has taken with his Betters, did not provoke me to it. These things raised in me a just Indignation, and gave me a Curiosity to enquire more narrowly, than I otherwise should have done, into the Rise and Progress of this celebrated Work, to ferret-out the real Author, and examine by what Means so paltry a Performance happened to meet with so kind a Reception from the Public. I have succeeded in my Enquiry beyond Expectation, and shall acquaint his Admirers with some Particulars which I have discovered, and then leave them to blush for the rash Commendations they have so liberally but undeservedly bestowed.

I AM sorry to find that some of the Fair-Sex, as well as the Men, have too freely testified their Approbation of this *pretty* Pamphlet, as they call it, and that over a Tea-Table some of them make no more Scruple of mentioning *Merryland*, than any other other Part of the Creation: It seems they like this Book, because (as they pretend) there is not a baudy Word in it; but I wish the true Reason is not, there not being a Page, scarce a Paragraph, without some smutty Allusion, which it seems now-a-Days is not looked on as immodest,

modest, nor is any Thing so esteemed, tho' ever so lascivious, but what is expressed in the coarsest, plainest Terms.

I PROPOSE to trace the Writer regularly from his Title-page to his Conclusion, that I may the more effectually expose the Deformities of his Work, and point out the numberless Passages he has stolen, and whence he stole them; I shall shew his Ignorance and his Impudence in this shameful Composition and must desire him not to wonder if I use him a little roughly; let him consider he has given the highest Provocation, and as he has without Cause taken the Liberty to ridicule others, he has no Reason to complain however severely he may be lashed; let him consider, it is not I but his own Folly has brought him under this Chastisement; and if he is not utterly void of Shame or Gratitude, instead of finding Fault with this gentle Correction, let him thank his Stars, and my Clemency, that I forbear to point him out, by publishing his Name and Place of Abode. This he may be assured it is in my Power to do, in spite of all his affected Secrecy and Caution. I know him, and could name him, and what Advantage it would be to him to be pointed at as the Author of a dull impudent Pamphlet I leave him to judge.

IN hopes of his Amendment, his Name at present shall be concealed, which is all the Favour I shall shew him ; but should the Reception his Work has hitherto met with, encourage him to scribble again, he may take my Word for it, he shall soon be humbled, and chastised without Mercy.

I HAVE said, *I know the Author*, I aver it again upon Honour, and assure the World, he is far from having ever been suspected for a Wit, or Man of Learning, nor has he ever shewn the least Glimmering of either ; not one of his Acquaintance, even his warmest and most intimate Friends, can say more in Commendation of his Talents, than that he is a very plain, dull, humdrum Fellow, as insipid in Conversation, as a Chip in Pottage.

IT will be asked then, how *such a Man* was capable of writing the Pamphlet now under our Consideration ? —— Have a little Patience, and I shall shew, it was very feasible for one of the meanest Capacity, and that the greatest Wonder in this mighty Work is, that any Body should admire it.

I HAVE no Suspicion that he had any Assistance in the Work, no, it is all of a Piece, and I would not have him robbed of the least Share of the Glory ; nor indeed can it be supposed,

posed, that any Man but himself would have a Hand in such a Composition. I must likewise do him the Justice to say, it was no hasty Performance, but done with great Deliberation, and took him (as I am well informed) more Months to write, than there are Sheets in the Book.

I S H A L L now begin with giving an Account of the original Rise of this Pamphlet, and shew by what Arts and Accidents it at first obtained it's Reputation ; I am certain of the Facts, let the Author deny them if he dare.

T H E first Conception was owing to our Author's accidentally reading in *Gordon's Geographical Grammar* these Words, which Mr *Gordon* uses in speaking of *Holland*, viz. " *the Country lying very low, it's Soil is naturally very wet and fenny.*" Ha ! said he, the same may be said of a * * * * as well as of *Holland* ; this Whim having once entered his Noddle, he resolved to pursue the Hint, and try how far he could run the Parallel ; his wise Head fancied here was a fine Scope to ridicule the Geographers, so he sets to scribbling, runs thro' *Gordon's Grammar*, which he made the Plan of his Work, and picked out as many Passages as he found would bear any Allegory, or were useful to his Purpose ; having thus once begun, he searched for Materials

rials in other Books, laboured hard in pil-laging Notions from every Author he read, till he had stole enough to compleat his Design, which he digested into Chapters, as we now see it. I may say of him, what one of our English Poets says, on another Occasion,

*His Fancy fir'd, his Thoughts with scribbling full,
He labour'd hard to be COMPLETELY DULL.*

Thus much for it's Conception and Growth in Embryo; the Monster being now fully formed, and ripe for Birth, it was high Time to look out for a Midwife; the celebrated Mr *Curll* was thought the fittest Hand for that Purpose, and, in all Probability, was the only one of his Profession who would undertake it. *His* eminent Ability and Industry in bringing Works of this Kind into the World, as well as his Art of nursing them afterwards, were so well known, that he was pitched on without Hesitation as the propereſt Person for this Jobb. The Author as much ashamed to own his Offspring, and afraid of being discovered as a poor Wench in Labour of a bastard Child, stole in the Night-Time to a Tavern by *Covent-Garden*, like the Owl in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, —— *Conſcia Culpæ,*
Conſpectum lucemque fugit, tenebrisq; pudorem
Celat.

Conſcious of Ill, he ſhuns the Noon-Day-Light,
 And ſkulks beneath the Covert of the Night.

From the Tavern he sent to Rose-Street for this renowned Operator, who immediately agreed upon Terms, the Press was directly set to work, and the 23d of *October* 1740, this famous Piece made it's first Appearance.

OUR Author being now happily delivered of his Offspring, the next Care was to nurse it well, and make it appear to the best Advantage; and that he and the Publisher might be the better concealed, the Title-page pretended it was printed at *Bath*; a certain noble Peer, whose Compositions of Wit have been universally admired, happened to be there at this Time, and was the first who had a Copy of this Pamphlet, which he shewed to some of his Acquaintance, two or three Days before the Booksellers had got them, or before they were published in *London*. His Lordship shewing this so early when nobody else knew where to get it, and not happening to express that Detestation and Contempt which one of His bright Genius must inevitably have for so dirty a Brat, and perhaps giving a Smile of Disdain, which the Fools about him mistook for Approval, they immediately took it in their Heads that his Lordship had a Finger in the Pye, especially as the Title-page said it was printed at *Bath*: This Notion was soon buzzed about, and made it eagerly sought after; and it is no wonder that every Body should have a Curiosity to read whatever has the Reputation

putation of coming from his Lordship's Pen. So very positive were some People, and so zealous to confirm this mistaken Notion, that a certain Person might here be named, who went so far as to say, 'twas certainly his Lordship's, and as a Proof of it, affirmed to have seen the Manuscript lying on his Table.

By this Means Numbers were prepossessed in Favour of the Pamphlet before they saw it, from the well-known Genius of the reputed Author. Others approved it afterwards because the Subject suited their capricious Taste ; and this Work has sufficiently confirmed that old Adage,

Pro Captu Lectoris habent sua fata Libelli.

“ Books take their Doom from each Peruser's Will,
“ Just as *They* think, they pass for Good or Ill.”

How it happened that his Lordship first produced this Work at *Bath*, is necessary to be next mentioned ; and I am well assured He received it from an unknown Hand by the Post from *London* ; this gives me Room to suspect the artful Publisher may have sent it with some View to his own Interest ; I cannot venture to affirm this for certain, but 'tis not impossible, and if it was so, it certainly answered the End of giving the Work a Reputation, and promoting it's Sale more effectually

tually than any Method he could have fallen on.

SEVERAL other Persons have been suspected as Authors of this Pamphlet, just as the Caprice of different Readers have suggested, particularly an eminent Physician at *Bath*, who happening to have some little Disagreement with the Gentleman it is dedicated to, was supposed to have vented his Resentment by this Means: Another Gentleman of the same Profession in *London* has been suspected, upon no better Authority than his having a few Years ago wrote a luscious Piece, intituled, *The Oeconomy of Love*: I have likewise heard an eminent Surgeon named, and a Gentleman of *Lincoln's-Inn*; but People were wide of the Mark in all these Conjectures. I am absolutely certain that neither of these Gentlemen knew any more of the Matter than I did: They had not the least Hand in it, or any Knowledge of the Author, however it has happened their Names have helped to give it some Credit.

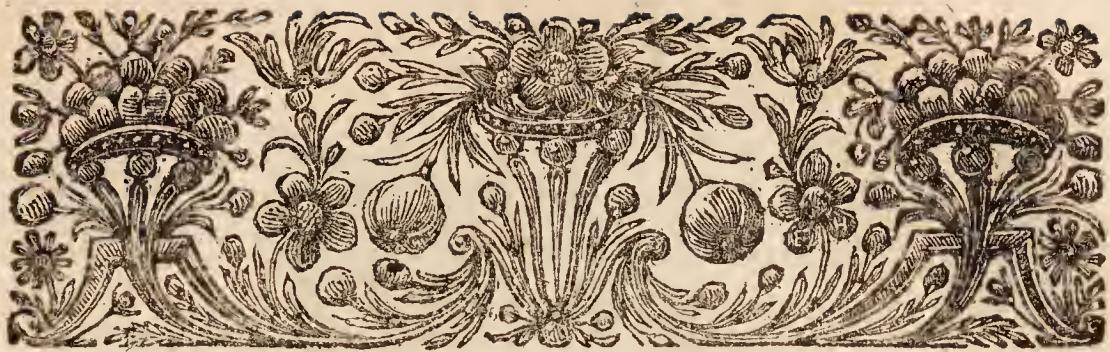
ANOTHER Method was taken at *London* to recommend the Work, by sending a Copy in a Present to the *Champion*, together with a Letter calculated for that Paper, which gave that Writer (who had no Suspicion from what Quarter it came) an Opportunity of paying a Compliment to the Author's Ingenuity, in his Paper

Paper of the 30th of October. As the *Champion* was pretty much read at that Time, it was wisely considered by our crafty Publisher, that a handsome Puff in that Paper would promote the Sale of his Pamphlet much better, and at less Expence, than the usual Method of advertising. This was a Master-piece of *Curll*, to make that Anti-puffer the *Champion*, become the Puffer of this Pamphlet; and confirmed that Character which the *Champion* himself had given of him but a few Weeks before, *viz.* That no Man of his Profession was so skillful in that Branch of the Craft and Mystery of Bookselling, in so much that he dubbed him *Puff-Master-General* of his Profession.

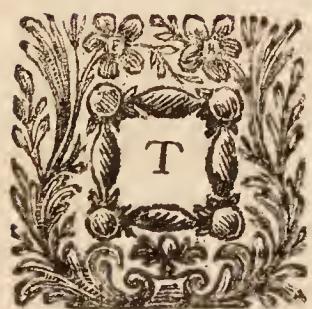
By such Arts and Accidents this famous Piece acquired (*quod Divum nemo promittere audieret*) the Reputation of Wit, Humour, &c. how little it deserves it will be shewn in the next Place.

I SHALL now proceed to take my Author to pieces Chapter by Chapter, strip him of his borrowed Feathers and Disguise, and then let the World judge of him as they find him in his proper Colours.





OBSERVATIONS UPON THE NEW *Description of MERRYLAND.*



THE TITLE PAGE sets out with a barefaced *Falsity*, pretending it was printed at BATH for *William Jones*, and sold by *William Lobb* there. I have already shewn it was printed in *London* for E. CURLL. As for *William Jones*, there is no such Man as I can find at Bath; and for *William Lobb*, it is true there was formerly a Bookseller of that Name, but he left the Business many Years ago, and entered into holy Orders, which makes it the more impudent for our Author to mention him as the Publisher of an obscene Pamphlet.

AND

AND here I cannot avoid taking Notice of the extravagant Price. — — Was there ever such Impudence ? to extort 1*s.* 6*d.* for no more than about four Sheets of Ribbaldry and Non-sense, when a good Sermon of almost twice that Length, will scarce sell for a third Part of the Money. Surely it is the dearest Book ever published, whether it be valued by the Bulk, or the Matter.

ANOTHER Trick of the Publisher's to embellish the Work, is such a downright CURLISM, that I cannot omit mentioning it ; after he found the Pamphlet pirated, to make *his* differ from the pirated Editions, he adds a Frontispiece ; but what is it ? Why, it is an old Print of the Story of *Jupiter* delivering the Box to *Pandora*, which might with as much Propriety be applied to any other Book, as to This, and is I suppose a standing Frontispiece which our ingenious Bookseller keeps by him to serve on any Occasion. This Plate I find was engraved so long ago as the Year 1712, for the Use of Mr *Rowe*'s Translation of *Quillet's CALLIPÆDIA*, then published by Mr *Curl*, and has served for several Books since, particularly the *Altar of Love*, and *Mrs Singer's Poems*, and for aught I know, may have been used for many more : This is one Method of puffing peculiar to that *great Artist*, who as Mr *Pope* observes in his DUN-

C I A D,

CIA'D, " has carried the [Bookseller's] Trade
 " many Lengths beyond what it ever before
 " had arrived at; and that he *is* the *Envoy* and
 " *Admiration* of all his Profession."



The DEDICATION.

THE first Three Paragraphs of the *Dedication* set out very well, and to do Justice to our Author I must own they are wrote in a Stile which no Man need be ashamed of, if instead of Irony we could suppose them to be wrote with Sincerity, which, by what follows, it is apparent they were not. If he could not be sincere in the Compliments to the Gentleman to whom this Dedication is addressed, he certainly might have been so, in what he says of *his own Incapacity of giving him his just Due*; and I am satisfied he for once spoke the Truth, when he says he has not the Honour of a *personal Acquaintance* with any great Man.—Surely no body can suspect any Great Man would honour

this Creature so far as to be of his Acquaintance ! What a Blunder it was in *him* to mention *blushing* for his Incapacity ! *that* is a Weakness I dare say he never was capable of, but tho' he cannot blush himself, it will be difficult for his Readers to forbear.

BUT why, of all Men, was Dr *Cheyne* picked out as the properest Person to Dedicate this Work to ? Had the Author ever received any personal Affront, or Injury from him ? or the least Provocation for this mean Dedicatory Libel ? On the strictest Enquiry I can find no better Reason than this ; a Dedication to some Body or other, was not only fashionable but absolutely necessary, to swell the Book to the Bookseller's Standard ; our Author it seems had lately been reading that Gentleman's — *Essay on Regimen*, and finding several Expressions, which his shallow Capacity did not understand, he picked them out, and took this Method of returning them to the Doctor, as being useless and unintelligible to himself ; and that these Passages might be known again he has taken the Pains to distinguish them by the *Italic* Character, or with the usual Mark of Quotation. It was the Guilt of ill-Fortune that misguided the Doctor's Works into the profane Hands of a Wretch so contemptibly vain and ignorant.

THIS is a new invented Method of writing Dedications; pitch on your Man, and then out of his own Works, pick a few Sentences, jumble them together no matter how, and the Business is done. This is just as witty as if I were to transcribe a Page out of the Treatise on *Smoaky Chimnies*, and make it serve for a Dedication to the learned *Doctor Desaguliers*, or prefix to these Sheets a—*Hyp-Doctor*, and call it a Dedication to Mr *Orator Henley*.

COULD not any Blockhead have done this as well as our Author? Where then is the so much extolled Beauty of this Dedication, or how can it's Insolence be justified?





T H E

EDITOR to the READER.

NEXT we have the Editor's Epistle to the Reader, consisting of Eight Pages of a long, dull, Canterbury Tale, pretending to give some Account of the Author and his Work. It sets out with saying his Name was ROGER PHEUQUEWELL: Now I would fain have any of those modest Ladies, who commend this Book, because (as they say) there is no Baudy in it, but every Thing decently wrapt up; I say I would have these Ladies consult *Chaucer*, (from whom our Author has stollen this Name) let them see in what Sense the Poet uses this Word, and then if they can say *this* is not Baudy, let them, out of their abundant Modesty, tell me what is.

THE long Story of the *Capuchin Fryar*, the *Archbishop of Saragosa*, and an *eminent Cardinal*, are too low to deserve any Notice, and the Pretence of it's having been printed so long ago at *Paris*, and gone thro' so many Editions,

Editions, in different Countries and Languages, is such a barefaced glaring Falsehood, that I need not say more of it; all this Fiction was to swell the Work, and perhaps to draw-in some unwary Fools, who might possibly believe it true.

WHAT he says of his hoping to see the Book go thro' many Editions, has proved too prophetical, to the Shame of this Nation be it spoken, who are too ready to despise Works of real Value, and commend such Authors as all the rest of the World would condemn. And here the matchless Effronterie of the Author is most audaciously displayed in this Epistle, where he has the Impudence to call it a *Valuable Work*, and with great Assurance exclaims against the depraved Taste of the Age, when at the same Time he is with all his Might, recommending such a Book, the Sale of which is the greatest Instance of that Depravity. Did his Readers consider how great a Satire this is upon them, they would scarce be so liberal of their Commendations. Sure it is a very odd Compliment for the Author to tell his Readers they are all Fools.





T H E

A U T H O R ' S *Preface.*

BECAUSE One Preface was not sufficient, a Second is added, almost as long as the First; but of all the Pieces of Plagiarism that ever were heard of, nothing comes up to this: Scarce a single Word of the Three first Pages is our Author's, they are all borrowed, or rather stollen, in the most barefaced open Manner, being copied verbatim from Mr Salmon's Introduction to his *Modern History: or, Present State of all Nations*, as any Body may see, who will take the Pains to compare them: Such an Act of Piracy is scandalous in the greatest Degree; but what makes it still more abominable is, the applying to this ludicrous Description of *Merryland*, what that industrious Compiler had gravely wrote of a serious and useful History.

N E X T

NEXT our Author has a Sneer at the Geographers (which indeed seems to be the main Tendency of his whole Work) he mentions several of the antient ones, whose Works I am sure he never read, as well as some of the Moderns, on whom he makes a ridiculous Criticism for their omitting to describe *Merryland*, a Work which no Man but himself would have meddled with.

HERE I should be glad to be informed by our learned Author, or his as learned Advocates, in what Part of *Berosus's* History any Mention is made of *Merryland*, or whereabouts it is to be found in *Herodotus's* Work!

— This is a very pretty Piece of Assurance to pretend to quote the Authority of Authors he never read, or if he had, could not find in them the least Shadow of an Allusion to what he advances. The Man who does this, would in my Opinion make as little Scruple of producing *Irish* Evidence upon any Occasion to serve his Purpose.

As to the Distich he quotes from *Mimnermus*, I will venture to affirm it is all he ever read of that Author's Works, and even this he would not have understood, if he had not met with it in the Bishop of London's Translation of *Camden's Britannia*, where he found an *English* Version of it; the Original

nal *Greek* I know was beyond his Power to read, and the *Latin* would have puzzled him to construe, if he had not met with that Right Reverend Prelate's Assistance.

BUT surely the most consummate Piece of Impudence that ever Scribbler was guilty of, is that which concludes This Preface. In order to recommend his Work to the Public, he pretends to quote the Opinion of a truly learned and Right Reverend Prelate. It cannot be denied, but the Passage he quotes is literally transcribed from the Bishop of *London*'s Dedication, of his Translation of *Camden's Britannia*, to the Lord Keeper *Somers*, but the Application made of it by our Author, is such an unparalleled Piece of Impudence, that I am astonished it has passed unresented; to insinuate that a Reverend Prelate had given his Approbation of a baudy Pamphlet, is a high Reflection upon the whole Bench, upon the Church in general, and upon his Lordship in particular; and it must be supposed this has never come to his Lordship's Knowledge, or else it must be entirely attributed to his Lordship's known Moderation, good Nature, and Clemency, that the Author or Publisher have escaped being called to Account, for so scandalous an Insinuation, especially as this (tho' the most bare-faced) is not the only Reflection of this Nature, for our Author has introduced several other

other Passages from his Lordship's Writings, to serve his Purpose in this Pamphlet, as shall be shewn in it's proper Place.

Mr *Curll* was formerly, (as is said in the *Dunciad*) " taken Notice of by the *State*, " the *Church*, and the *Law*, and received " particular Marks of Distinction from each."

IT is pity but he should be taken Notice of again upon this Occasion.





C H A P. I.

HERE our *Author*, to shew his Learning, sets out (in Imitation of *Gordon*, *Moll*, *Cowley*, and other Geographers) with a Derivation of the Word *Merryland*, and in this short Chapter pretends to shew himself skillful in no less than six different Languages; here is *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, *High-German*, and *Dutch*, besides *English*, the last of which, I will venture to affirm he is far from being Master of, and the rest, (except the *Latin*, of which he has some little smattering) he knows no more of, than he does of *Arabic*. — I believe he may have learnt a little *Greek* when at School, but I am very positive he has so far forgot it, that he does not know so much as the Alphabet, yet, this, forsooth, is the Man of Learning! And no doubt I shall be asked here, how it was possible for one so unacquainted with these Languages to pen this Chapter. To solve this Difficulty, I shall be very short, and only refer my Reader to *Minsheu's Dictionary*, under the Word *Merry*, whoever will take the Trouble of turning to that Word, will

will find our Author has copied him Verbatim, which any School-Boy might as easily have done, and thereby have as justly acquired the Reputation of being *learned*, as our Author has; who perhaps, not knowing how to spell the Word, turned to his Dictionary for Help, and there found this mighty Stock, which set him up for a learned Etymologist.

Not contented with stealing this Etymology from *Minsheu*, he has the Impudence to go on talking of it as a Matter of great Consequence to the learned World, and submits it to the Consideration of the learned and useful Society of *Antiquarians*.

— Is there any Wit in this? For my Part I can see nothing like it, but quite the reverse, a weak and frivolous Attempt to sneer at a Society, which consists of some of the most learned Men in *England*, and are far from being proper Subjects for this Scribbler's Ridicule.





C H A P. II.

OUR Author has borrowed from the *Champion*, a new and foolish Method of disguising Words, by leaving out the Vowels, as *Mnsvnrs* for *Mons Veneris*, &c. and has gone on thro' the following Chapters in the same Manner.

To give a Specimen of his Ignorance in Anatomy, I must here observe, that he makes use of *Coxa sinistra*, and *Coxa dextra*, for the left and right Thigh, whereas it is well known, that *Coxa*, or rather *Coxendix*, is always used by Anatomists for the Hip or Huckle-Bone, or the inferior of the *Ossa innominata*, and *Femur* is always used for the Thigh, so it is plain he is very much mistaken, either in the Situation of *Merryland*, which he pretends so accurately to describe, or else in the Terms of Art, which his Admirers say he is perfect Master of. — So much at present for his Skill in Anatomy.

As

As for his long tedious Story of the *Latitude* and *Longitude*, which takes up the greatest Part of this Chapter, it is such wretched Stuff, that the bare mentioning of it is sufficient to expose it: And as to his Boasts of the Perfection and good Order of his *Instrument*, which he has the Modesty to recommend as a good-one, I should in this Case give more Credit to the Testimony of any old Nurse in the Kingdom, than to all the Panegyric he has wrote upon it: For I dare say any old Woman is a better Judge of its Perfections, and would speak of it more impartially than this mighty Boaster. But suppose it the best of its Kind, it is but an impudent Thing for a Man to brag of, and a Qualification which every Jack-Ass has in greater Perfection. That he has used this Instrument pretty freely, is perhaps one of the greatest Truths in his Book, but *that it was with such prudent Care and Caution as not to be the worse*, I beg leave to doubt, till he produces a Certificate from a certain Gentleman, who, I am credibly informed, had once the Care of it, when it was pretty much out of Repair. Towards the Conclusion of this Chapter, he has another Fling at Mr *Gordon's* Grammar, about the *Antipodes*, in which he gives us another Instance of his Ignorance, both in Anatomy and Geography, for it is plain he does not understand what is meant by

by *Antipodes*, and indeed how should he? For it is a *Greek Word*, which is a Language as I have said before he does not know a Letter of: However he has the Assurance to use this Word, in order to introduce an unmannerly Reflection at the End of this Chapter, on the *Italians*, *Dutch*, and *English*, as if they were infected with an execrable Vice not fit to be named.





C H A P. III.

THIS Chapter begins with applying to *Merryland*, what Mr *Gordon* has judiciously remarked of *Holland*, viz. that the *Air is thick and moist*, &c. but how ridiculous this Application is, must be obvious to every Body. Next he lugs in a Text of Scripture, which it seems he could not forbear quoting, tho' it directly contradicts what he just before asserted, for how any Air that is generally *thick and moist*, by Reason of the frequent *Fogs*, can be *fair and pleasant for Delights*, is beyond my Capacity to reconcile.

His great Commendation of the *Cloathing* of the Country, comes with an ill Grace, from one who (as I have before hinted) had suffered thro' the dangerous Heat of the Climate. The

Poem

Poem he refers to, with the Epithet of *most Elegant*, is a little Piece, wrote several Years ago in Praise of the Machine, contrived by a certain Gentleman, of whom the *Tatler* says, “ He is observed by the Surgeons with much Envy, for he has invented an Engine for the Prevention of Harms, by Love-Adventures, and by great Care and Application hath made it an Immodesty to name his Name.” As the Engine took its Name from the Inventor, so the Poem had its Title (at first) from the Subject it celebrates; but even Mr *Curll* thought this much too Grofs, and in a *second* Edition, thought fit to change it for the more modest Title of *ARMOUR*. It is indeed such an elegant Performance, that the Description of *Merryland* and *That* are fit to go together; and I find it is lately republished by Mr *Curll*, as a proper Companion for the Other.

THE four *Latin* Verses, which are here very injudiciously and mal-a-propos applied to *Merryland*, are stollen from an old Author, whose Name I cannot recollect; but I remember to have met with them many Years ago, applied to *Arabia-Felix*: If our Author could have construed them, he never could have blundered so egregiously as to quote them on this Occasion; for they directly contradict what he says before, in the Beginning of this Chapter, as well as what follows.

IN the next Paragraph he has another touch at The *Geographical Grammar*, on the *Soil being naturally very wet and fenny*; this Passage, as I have mentioned before, was what gave the first Hint for undertaking the Work, for which Reason I wish Mr *Gordon* had never wrote it, or rather, that our Author had one Degree of Learning less than he has, for then he could not have read it, or at least could not have become a Scribbler.

IT would be very easy to shew his Ignorance and Stupidity in several other Passages of this Chapter, but I chose to pass them over, rather than by exposing him, it should be the Means of instructing him in what there is no Reason to hope he would make any good Use of.

B U T I cannot take leave of this Chapter without one more Observation, where he laments the Inconvenience of having many Children, under the figurative Expression of a *too fruitful Crop*; he quotes two Lines from *Virgil*, tho' he does not think fit to name the Author; whether he did not really know whose these Lines were, or whether he designed to have them pass for his Own, I shall not pretend to judge; but this I may affirm, if the first was the Case, it proves him to be very

F ignorant,

ignorant, if the last, very impudent. —

Utrum horum mavis accipe.

HAD a gay young Fellow cut a Joke on the having many Children, and represented it as a Misfortune, it might be more excusable; but it ill becomes our Author, who has really been blest with a numerous Offspring, to call that a *lamentable Thing*, which the Scripture enumerates among the greatest of Earthly Blessings: It is a shocking Piece of Impiety for him in this Case to cry out, —

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.

It is pity but he should be rendered incapable of Getting more since he so loudly complains.

THIS Chapter is concluded with another Passage from Mr *Gordon's* Grammar, in his Description of *England*, tho' our Plagiary has not the Honesty to quote him, but would have these Words pass for his Own.





C H A P. IV.

THE Fourth Chapter begins with a pretended Authority from “ an *Arabian* “ Geographical Lexicographer, cited by *Schultens* at the End of his Edition of *Sultan* “ *Salah'addin's Life*,” to prove that the Limits of *Merryland* are entirely unknown ; but I think it rather proves that our Author's Assurance is without any Limits, for both the *Arabian* and *Schultens* are entirely unknown to him ; however, he has taken this Liberty in several Places, of boldly asserting a Thing, and then referring to any Book, no matter what, as a Proof ; tho' he knows there is not a Syllable in the Book he cites that relates to his Subject, or perhaps, no such Book extant.

IN the rest of this Chapter he copies after the *Champion* again, in disguising Names, by leaving out the Vowels, as *Lba*, *Cltrs*, *Nmpb*, *Utrs*, *Hmn*, *Monsvnrs*, &c. and shews but very little Skill in Anatomy in his Description of these several Parts ; and, surely, nothing

can be more ridiculous than what he says of the *Fortifications*, *Curtains*, *Horn-Works*, and *Ramparts*; I doubt he is but a bad Engineer, by his jumbling together so many Terms of that Art without any Sense or Meaning.

Mr *Morriceau*, a famous *French* Man-Midwife, in his Treatise of the Diseases incident to Pregnant Women, has given several Anatomical Plates for describing the Parts he has Occasion to treat of; one of these is what our Author ridiculously calls his *Map of Merry-land*, and refers his Readers to it for the Sake of entertaining them with a baudy-Print, rather than to give them any useful Instruction; and with the same View he likewise mentions the curious Model or Machine, exhibited by that ingenious Physician Sir *Richard Manningham*, as an *Artificial Matrix* to explain his Lectures in Midwifry; thus we see nothing escapes this scoffing Scribbler, every Thing ever so serious or useful is endeavoured by him to be turned into Derision and Ridicule.





C H A P. V.

OUR Author begins this Chapter with a strange hotch-potch List of the Inhabitants, *viz.* *Adam*, the Patriarchs, *David* and *Solomon*. Modern Kings and Princes, King *Charles II*, his Successors, Ministers, Bishops, and People of all Degrees, all Religions, all Nations; this and what follows about the Manners of the Inhabitants, is such a heap of Nonsense, that I need make no farther Remark upon it. He is not contented with ridiculing Kings and Ministers, but takes all Opportunities of reflecting on the Bishops and Clergy, and has the Impudence to assert, that no Country is better stocked with Divines than *Merryland*.— In short, he was determined to have a Fling at all Sorts of Men, and spare no Body, Physicians, Surgeons, Merchants, and Poets, are added to make up his List of Inhabitants.

THE

THE *Latin* Verses which he says are inscribed on their Cups and Glasses, under the Word *Merryland*, are stollen, and most miserably maimed and deprived of their Beauty, by his endeavouring to make them applicable to his Subject. The Original was wrote on a large Glass at the Hot-Well at *Bristol*, under the Name of a very beautiful young Lady. To shew how wretchedly they have been tortured and mangled by this Scribbler, I shall here restore the Original.

*Hic quicunque legis nòmen amabile
Pleno puellæ Cyatho Salutem libes,
Picturam Veneris, Statumve recollens ;
Sic tibi Res amatoriæ prospere cedant,
Tua sic coronet vota Cupido.*

By inserting *lætoque* instead of *puellæ*, and leaving out the third Line entirely, he has made most insipid Stuff of these Verses, which in the Original have some Spirit in them. — This shews his Taste for Poetry.

I SUPPOSE the Author would have the four Verses at the End of this Chapter pass for his own, but the Truth is, they are quoted by *Camden*, as written about four Hundred Years before his Time, by *Alexander Necham*, speaking of *St Albans*, the Place of his Nativity: Nor is even the Translation of these Lines our Author's, he has thought fit to steal That likewise from the Bishop of *London*, without any Ceremony or Acknowledgment, as appears in his Lordship's Translation of *Camden* (1st Edit.) pag. 300.





C H A P. VI.

IT cannot be expected I should take Notice of every particular Paragraph; I have neither Leisure nor Patience to make Remarks on each individual Blunder, nor to point out every Scrap of Nonsense, with which my Author abounds; it would be an endless Labour, and quite unnecessary, for his Dullness and Stupidity in many Places must be obvious to the dullest Reader. This Chapter of the Product and Commodities, consists in general of low Puns, Quibbles, and Conundrums, and even those are not of our Author's-Invention, but many of them are much older than himself. I need say no more of this Chapter; only to shew how mean a Plagiary he is, and to what low Shifts he has been driven for Materials. I must acquaint the Reader, that what is said here of the *Coral-Plant*, that it is *an excellent Cosmetic*, &c. is copied Verbatim out of a common

common Advertisement in the *London News-Papers*; let any one turn to the *Craftsman*, or any of the *Journals*, and he will find every Week an Advertisement of the *Royal Beautifying Fluid*, to be sold at Mr Radford's Toyshop, and the very Words used to recommend it, which our Author has here applied to his *Coral-Plant*.

As for the *Pins and Needles* which he tells us are in so great Plenty in the most *Trading Provinces*, I presume he knows their *exquisite Sharpness* by Experience, and therefore may be just in what he says of them.





C H A P. VII.

WHAT Authority he may have for asserting that the Lake of *Dronthein* in *Norway* never freezes, I cannot tell, but to say the River *Ness* in *Scotland* has the same Quality, is absolutely false; if our Author will not take my Word for it, let him take a Journey to *Inverness* for his Satisfaction, and every Inhabitant of that Town can assure him the River was froze no longer ago than the very Winter before he wrote this Falshood.

I SHALL pass over several of his Rarities and Curiosities, to make some Observations on the long Account he gives of what he calls the small Animal of the Serpentine Kind, known by the Name of PNTL. Not to mention the gross Obscenity of the Word, nor the Profaneness of using a Text of Scripture, to compare it with the Leviathan, I must

must shew the Stupidity of our Author, and what Pains he has taken to furnish Materials for each Chapter. — The same thing is turned into several Shapes, and differently described under different Names. In the *Fifth Chapter* it is mentioned as an *Inhabitant of Merryland*, and compared to the *Behemoth*; in the *Sixth Chapter* it is a *Red Coral-Plant*, — a *Sweetner*, — *Cosmetic*, &c. and here it is an *Animal of the Serpentine Kind*, — like the *Leviathan*, — has *neither Legs nor Feet*, — is a *Compages*, or *Contexture of Pipes*, — an *Hydraulic Machine*, from six to seven or eight Inches high, — like a *Granadier*, — and a *Specific for the Green Sickness*. — I own our Author has outdone *Ovid* in Metamorphosing: Here are more Shapes than ever *Harlequin* appeared in, and all in the Twinkling of an Eye; was there ever such a Heap of contradictory Nonsense jumbled together by any other Author; or is it possible for any Body to read this without seeing the Absurdity?

THE several Quotations from Dr *Cheyne*, in this Chapter and other Places, are mean and invidious; that Gentleman has very properly used those Expressions in his Method of Philosophising on the Animal Oeconomy, and it is beyond the Power of this contemptible Miscreant, with all his envenomed Malice, to hurt the Doctor's established Reputation. —

This base Method of throwing Reflections is insufferable, and deserves to be answered with a Cudgel rather than a Pen; and what makes it the more inexcusable in this Scribler is, that he never had the least Provocation for so doing.

IT is not an uncommon Thing for a Person, whose Apprehension is darker than Midnight, to take up a Book, and shew the Levity of his Taste, and Solidity of his Ignorance, by turning to jest some of the most excellent Thoughts, because he mistakes them for Absurdities.

THIS Chapter concludes with another Piece of stollen Goods, the six last Lines in Commendation of his Specific for the Green Sickness, being taken from a Daily repeated Advertisement of Dr Cam's *Electuarium Mirabile*, for the Cure of Venereal Disorders.





C H A P. VIII.

UNDER what is said of the Government of *Merryland* it is easy to see, this Libeller has an Inclination to traduce our present Administration; here is an Allegory attempted, which would be as imprudent for me to expound, as it was impudent in him to write; and tho' every common Reader has not perhaps viewed it in this Light, I think the Inuendo is so plain and evident, that a Special Jury could not long hefitate about it; were it to be fairly tried I would not venture to insure his Ears from the Pillory, and, I believe, no Body would deny his deserving a severer Punishment.

To give the Devil his Due, I must own there is one Thing in this Chapter (and the only one in the whole Book, that does not displease me) and that is, the handsome Compliment paid to a late *Latin* Satire, intituled *Scamnum*; I am glad, among his many Quotations, to see One that appears sincere, without Ridicule or Irony; and if I could persuade

suade my self that the Translation of these four Lines were his Own, I should have a better Opinion of his Learning; and Taste for Poetry, than I have at present.

THE last Paragraph of this Chapter shocks me with Indignation; in the same Sentence where he pretends the greatest Veneration for the Clergy, he abuses the whole Order by wholesale, calls them Pimps and Whoremasters, and insinuates that some of them had pimped for him: The saying *that their Assistance and Recommendation contributed to the Pleasure he has enjoyed in Merryland*, can carry with it no other Signification.

SURELY there never was so scandalous a Reflection made on a Body of Men, Who, (as the Reverend Mr *Thomas Stackhouse* observes) “ are the Apostles of Christ, his Ministers, his Ambassadors; and were appointed to this Office either by an immediate Ordination from his own Hand (*as were the rest*); or by a miraculous Call from Heaven, As was I.” See his Sermon preached at *Richmond* in *May 1726*, intituled, *The Honour and Dignity of the Ministers of Christ*.





C H A P. IX.

REILIGION itself is not to be spared by this Author, but he must have a Chapter on that Head, tho' he was forced to steal most of the Materials: What is said of *All Sects and Parties*, and *All Religions being embraced*, with the Words of the Apostle annexed, is transcribed Verbatim from *Gordon's Geographical Grammar*; ————— only what Mr *Gordon* says of the Religion of *Holland*, our Author thinks fit to apply to *Merryland*.

THE long Paragraph about *Image-Worship* was neither in the first or second Editions, but has been foisted in since, being an After-Thought of our Author; he has added several other Paragraphs besides in succeeding Editions, particularly Translations of the *Latin* Passages for the Benefit of his unlearned Readers. This is never done by honest Authors or Booksellers, being a gross Imposition on every Body who bought the former Impressions.

OUR Author, perhaps, may be pleased with this new Picture of *Image-Worship*, but every Man of Sense must agree with my Lord *Roscommon*,

“ These foul Descriptions are offensive *still*,
“ Either for being *Like*, or being *Ill*.”

IT is so shocking, to see Religion so ludicrously handled, that I hasten to the next Chapter.





C H A P. X.

TO imitate the Geographers our Author thought it necessary to have a Chapter of the *Language of Merryland*; but what sad Stuff he has made of it, let any one judge who reads it! That he might say something, he has recourse again to his great Helper Mr *Gordon's Grammar*, and copied at least a Quarter of this Chapter from thence; whether it was applicable to his Subject or not he never regards, but copies at a venture, and thus furnishes out a Chapter of Nonsense. Besides this long Quotation from *Gordon*, in order to spin out the Chapter a little longer, he gives us (in the late Editions) a tedious Paragraph from *LAURENTIUS De Sens. Org.* which, with its Translation, makes near twenty Lines; as much to the Purpose as the rest; however, it helps to lengthen out the Chapter, and that was all he wanted.

H

T H E R E

THE THERE is somewhat superlatively impudent in his sneer upon the *Modesty* of Mr Orator *Henley*; I do not know what Degree of Modesty the Orator may have, but am certain our Author has not the least Grain, as may easily be perceived by his Works: If he was not quite abandoned to Impudence he would not have mentioned any good Quality, that he was so much a Stranger to. However mean an Opinion he may have of Mr *Henley's* Grammars, I can tell him, a little Grammar-Learning would have enabled him to write better *English* than he has done in many Places of this Pamphlet.





C H A P. XI.

THIS Chapter is a stupid Heap of Profaneness, ridiculing the Holy Bands of *Matrimony*, and recommending the modern Fashion of *Keeping*. In the *Ninth Chapter*, the excellent Litany of our Church is impiously quoted, and here the whole Ceremony of Solemnization of Matrimony is attempted to be turned into Ridicule. Marriage is represented as the greatest Evil; Keeping Mistresses encouraged; and *being kept* as a STALLION, shewed in the most advantageous Light; yet this has been applauded as Wit, Humour, &c. If *Wickedness* and *Wit* be the same thing, then it must be allowed here is Wit in Abundance.



C H A P. XII.

I Am heartily tired of my Author, and glad I am now got to his last Chapter. Under Pretence of *Directions for Strangers Steering safe into Merryland*, he turns Bawd or Pimp, and gives Instructions to his Pupils for Whoring; has the Impudence to refer to the obscene Pictures of *Aretine*, and fills up almost half a Page with a Quotation from Mr *Collins's* *Coasting Pilot*, but no ways applicable, or bearing the least Allusion to his Subject.

THE Sea-Terms are used without Judgment, or any Knowledge of their Meaning, and in short, to say no more, this Chapter is of a Piece with the rest. — The whole was conceived in Folly, shapen in Sin, and brought-forth in Iniquity.

C O N-



CONCLUSION.

IT would be easy enough to point out many more Absurdities and Inconsistencies in the Pamphlet I have been speaking of; there is scarce a Paragraph which is not liable to some strong Objection; but as I have neither Leisure nor Inclination to make Remarks on every Error of such a blundering Writer, I shall now take my leave of him and his Works, having already sufficiently Demonstrated more than I at first proposed. I have plainly shewn that our Author has neither Learning, Wit, or Humour, that he is not a Man of such great Reading as some People imagine, that his Taste for Poetry is very indifferent; and that his Skill in Anatomy, Geography, Navigation, Natural History, &c. is so little, that he is even ignorant of the common Terms of Art. As I have evidently proved all this beyond Contradiction, so I have consequently proved the World in their Commendations of this Author have very much mistook their Man, and let Fame run away with their Understandings, that they have been grossly imposed on by the Artifices of the Author and Publisher; and they who have

have so much extolled the Work (if they had not been as much Strangers to the Author, as to the Merits of the Composition) could never possibly have bestowed such Praises on the *One*, nor so foolishly have recommended the *Other*.

To shew our Author's *great Reading* and *Learning*, which his Readers have so much admired him for, I shall conclude with a List of all the Books that appear to have been made use of by him, in composing this famous Work.—To which I shall likewise add a Catalogue of such others as he has mentioned, or referred to, but, which (as I have proved before) he never has Read, nor is capable of Reading. So that his Admirers may here see at one View, how much his great Reading amounts to, how boldly he has played the Plagiary, and how impudently quoted Authors, of whom he knew only the Names.

Books from whence the *Author of Merryland* has borrowed Assistance, *viz.*

1. **D**R CHEYNE's Essay on REGIMEN.
2. Gordon's Geographical Grammar.
3. Bishop of London's Translation of Camden's *Britannia*, at least the Dedication, and some other Parts of it.
4. Chamberlayne's Present State of England.

5. *Sal-*

5. *Salmon's Modern History*; or, Present State of all Nations, at least the Introduction to it.

6. A few of the Sea-Terms in *Collins's Coastal Pilot*.

7. *Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem.*

8. *Le Bruyn's Voyag. au Levant.*

9. *Kercher.*

10. *Mr Boyle.*

11. *Maurriceau's Midwifry.*

12. Four Lines of *Lucretius.*

13. Four or five Lines of *Virgil.*

14. Three Lines of *Plautus.*

15. Four Lines of a *Latin Satire*, called *Scamnum.*

16. Part of *Laurentius De Sens. Org.*

17. Part of *Chaucer's Works.*

18. Two Lines of *Pope's Homer.*

19. An Article in *Minsheu's Dictionary.*

20. Three or four Texts of Scripture.

21. Part of the Common-Prayer.

22. *The Champion.*

23. Sir Richard Mannyngham's Advertisement of his Lectures on Midwifry.

24. Two Quack Advertisements, of the *Royal Beautifying Fluid.*

25. Dr Cam's *Electuarium Mirabile.*

Some few Passages of each, or Quotations from them in other Authors.

By Help of English Translations.

Books Quoted by our AUTHOR,
which He neither Has nor Can Read, *viz.*

1. **C**Luverius. 2. *Ortelius.* 3. *Cellarius.*
4. *Berosus.* 5. *Herodotus.* 6. *Mim-
nemus.* 7. *Herodianus.* 8. *John Trevisa,*
De Proprietatibus Rerum. 9. *An Arabian
Geographical Lexicographer.* 10. *Schulten's
Geographical Commentary.*

Thus have I shewn the Total Amount
of his Learning and Ignorance; faithfully col-
lected from his own Pamphlet, which is the
best Authority that can be quoted in this Case:
I shall make no farther Observation on this
Catalogue, than — — *Risum Teneatis Amici.*

F I N I S.

